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CHAPTER XI.

It was late in the afternoon when the Sacramento, slowly feeling her way southward, had come within view of El Fraile and Corregidor, looming up like sentinels at sea entrance to the great, far-spreading bay.

Alight and his assistants, with the field officer in command of the troops, peered through their binoculars or telescopes for sign of cruiser or transport along the rocky shores, and marveled much that none could be seen. Over against the evening sun just sinking to the west the dim outlines of the upper masts and spars of some big vessel became visible for three minutes, then faded from view. The passengers swarmed on deck, silent, anxious, ever and anon gazing upward at the bridge as though in hope of a look or word of encouragement.

It was midsummer and more when they left Honolulu, and by this time the American force, land and naval, in front of Manila ought to be ample to overcome the Spaniards. But there was ever that vexing problem as to what Aguinaldo and his followers might do rather than see the great city given over to the Americans for law and order instead of to themselves for loot and rapine. The fact that all coast lights thus far were extinguished was enough to convince the Sacramento's voyagers that they were still unwelcome to the natives, but both the shipmaster and the cavalry officer commanding had counted on finding cruiser or dispatch boat at least, on lookout for them and ready to conduct them to safe anchorage. But no such ship appeared, and the alternative of going about and steaming out to sea for the night or dropping anchor where he lay was just presenting itself to Butt when from the lips of the second officer, who had clambered up the shrouds, there came the joyous shout: "By Jove! There's Corregidor light!"

Surely enough, even before the brief tropic twilight was over and darkness had settled down, away to the southward, at regular ten-second intervals, from the crest of the rock-bound, crumbling parapet on Corregidor island, a brilliant light split the cloudy vista and flashed a welcome to the lone wanderer on the face of the waters. It could mean only one thing: Manila bay was dominated by Dewey's guns. The Yankee was master of Corregidor, and had possessed himself of both fort and lighthouse. In all probability Manila itself had fallen.

"Half speed ahead!" was the order, and again the thrum of the engines went pulsing through the ship, and the Sacramento slowly forged ahead over a smooth summer sea. At midnight the pilot and glad tidings were aboard, and at dawn the decks were thronged with eager voyagers, and a great, full-throated cheer went up from the fore-castle head as the gray, ghost-like shapes of the warships loomed up out of the mist and dotted the unrolled surface.

But that cheer sank to nothingness beside one which followed 15 minutes later, when the red disk of the sun came peeping over the low, fog-draped range far to the eastward and, saluted by the boom of the morning gun from the battlements of the old city, there sailed to the peak of the flagstaff the brilliant colors and graceful folds of the stars and stripes.

The three-century rule of Castile and Aragon was ended. The yellow and red of Spain were supplanted by the scarlet, white and blue of America, and in a new glory of its own "Old Glory" unfolded to the faintly rising breeze, and all along the curving shore and over the placid waters rang out the joyous, life-giving, heart-stirring notes of the Yankee reveille.

For long hours later there came launches, binnies and cascos from fleet and shore. The debarkation of the cavalry began in the afternoon. They left their horses at the Presidio, 6,000 miles away, and were troopers only in name. The officers who came as passengers got ashore in the course of the day and made their way to the Ayuntamiento to report their arrival and receive their assignments.

The Red Cross nurses looked in vain for the hospital launch that, it was supposed, would hasten to convey them to comfortable quarters adjoining the sick wards or convalescent camps. They listened with the deepest interest to the description of the assault of the 13th of August that made Merritt master of Manila, and the elders, masculine and feminine, who knew something of what battle meant when American was pitted against American, looked at each other in wonderment as they heard how much had been won at cost of so little.

Sandy Ray, kissing Marion good-by and promising to see Stuyvesant in the near future, went over the side with his troop and, landing at the stone dock at the foot of the Pasco de Santa Lucia, found himself trudging along at the foot of his men under massive walls nearly three centuries old, bristling with antiquated

highly ornamented Spanish guns, and streaked with slime and vegetation, while along the high parapets across the most thousands of Spanish soldiers squatted and stared at them in sullen apathy.

Madie's knight and champion indeed! His duty called him with his fellows to a far-away suburb up the Pasig river. Her duty held her to await the movements of the sisterhood, and what she might lack for sympathy among them was made up in manifold yet embarrassing interest on part of the tall young aide-de-camp, for Stuyvesant was hidden to remain aboard ship until suitable accommodation could be found for him ashore.

Under any other circumstances he would have objected vehemently, but, finding that the Red Cross contingent was to share his fate, and that Miss Ray was one of the doreen condemned to remain, he bore his enforced lot with Christian and soldierly resignation.

"Only," said Dr. Wells, "one would suppose that the Red Cross was entitled to some consideration, and that all preparation would have been made for our coming." It was neither flattering nor reassuring, nor, indeed, was it kind, that they should be so slighted, said the sisterhood that evening; but worse still was in store, for on the morning, early, the Emerald came steaming in from Hong-Kong, where, despite her roundabout voyage, the Belgic had arrived before the slow-moving Sacramento had rounded the northern point of Luzon, and on the deck of the Emerald she steered close alongside the transport, and thence on the unimpeded way to her moorings up the Pasig, in plain view of the sisterhood, tall, gaunt, austere, but triumphant, towered the form of the vice president of the Patriotic Daughters of America.

For two days more the Sacramento remained at anchor in the bay over a mile from the mouth of the river, and for two days and nights the Red Cross remained aboard, unthought, unsummoned from the shore. The situation became more strained than ever, the only betterment arising from the fact that now there was more space and the nurses were no longer crowded three in a room. Mrs. Dr. Wells moved into that recently vacated by the cavalry commander, and Miss Ray and her now earnest friend, Miss Porter, were relieved by the desertion of their eldest sister, who preempted a major's stateroom on the upper deck.

But stirred up a new trouble by promptly coming to Miss Ray and bidding her move out of that stuffy lower below and take Maj. Morton's quarters, and bring Miss Porter with her "if that was agreeable."

It would have been, very, but "Miss Ray's head was level," as the pursuer put it, and despite the slippy and exasperating conduct of most of the sisterhood, that wise young woman pointed out to the shipmaster that there was a semi-military organization, and that the senior, Mrs. Dr. Wells, and one or two veteran nurses should have choice of quarters.

By this time Miss Porter's vehement championship of her charming and much misjudged friend had excited no little rancor against herself. The more she proved that they had done Miss Ray injustice, the less they liked Miss Ray's advocate. It is odd but true that many a woman finds it far easier to forgive another for being as wicked as she has declared her to be than for proving herself entirely innocent.

One thing, anyhow, Miss Porter couldn't deny, said the sisterhood—she was accepting devoted attentions



"IT IS A MATTER ENTIRELY OUT OF MY JURISDICTION, MADAME."

from Mr. Stuyvesant, and in her capacity as a Red Cross nurse that was inexcusable.

"Fudge!" said Miss Porter. "If it were you instead of Miss Ray he was in love with, how long would you let your badge keep him at a distance?"

The sun went down on their unexpressed wrath that second night in Manila bay, and with the morning came added cause for disapprobation. Before the noon hour a snow-white launch with colors flying fore and aft steamed alongside, and up the stairs, resplendent, came Stuyvesant's general with a brace of staff officers, all three precipitating themselves on the

invalid and, after brief converse with him, all three sending their cards to Miss Ray, who had taken refuge on the other deck.

And even while she sat reflecting what would be the wiser course, the general himself followed the card-bearer, and that distinguished warrior, with all the honors of his victorious entry fresh upon him, inclined his handsome head and begged that he might present himself to the daughter of an old and cherished friend of cadet days, and seated himself by her side with hardly a glance at the array of surrounding femininity, and launched into reminiscence of "Billy Ray" as he was always called, and it was some little time before she could say:

"Will you let me present you to Dr. Wells, who is practically my commanding officer?" a request the general was too much of a gentleman not to accede to at once, yet looked not too much pleased when he was led before that commanding dame, and then distinctly displeased as, taking advantage of her opportunity, the indignant lady burst forth with her grievance:

"Oh! This is Gen. Vinton! Well, I must say that I think you generals have treated the ladies of the Red Cross with precious little courtesy. Here we've been waiting 36 hours, and not a soul has come near us or shown us where to go or told us what to do, while everybody else aboard is looked after at once."

"It is a matter entirely out of my jurisdiction, madame," answered the general with grave and distant dignity. "In fact, I knew nothing of the arrival of any such party until, on the commanding general's staff this morning, your vice president—is it?—was endeavoring to—"

"Our vice president, sir," interposed the lady, promptly, "is in San Francisco, attending to her proper functions. The person you saw is not recognized by the Red Cross at all, nor by anyone in authority that I know of."

Gen. Vinton reddened. A soldier, accustomed to the courtesies indispensable among military men, he brooked it that a stranger and a woman should take him to task for matters beyond his knowledge or control.

"You will pardon me if in my ignorance of the matter I fancied the lady in question to be a representative of your order, and for suggesting that the chief surgeon in the official to whom you should address your complaint—and rebukes. Good morning, madame. Miss Ray," he continued, as he quickly turned and led that young lady away, "two of my staff desire to be presented. May I have the pleasure?"

There was no mistaking the general's disapprobation of the official head of the sisterhood as represented on the Sacramento. Though he and his officers remained aboard an hour, not once again would he look towards Dr. Wells or seem to see any of the party but Miss Ray—this, too, despite the fact that she tried to explain matters and pour oil on such troubled waters.

Capt. Butt sent up champagne to the distinguished party, and Miss Ray begged to be excused and slipped away to her stateroom, only to be instantly recalled by other cards—Col. and Mrs. Brent, other old friends of her father and mother. She remembered them well, and remembered having heard how Mrs. Brent had braved all opposition and had started for Hong-Kong the day after the colonel steamed for Manila; and their coming with most hospitable intent only added to the poor girl's perplexities, for they showered welcome upon her and bade her get her baggage up at once. They had come to take her to their own roof. They had secured such a quiet, roomy house in Ermita right near the bay shore, and looking right out on the Luneta and the parade grounds.

They stormed at her plea that she must not leave her companions. They bade her send for Miss Porter, and included her in their warm-hearted invitation; but by the time Madie was able to get a word in edgewise on her own account, and begged them to come and meet Mrs. Dr. Wells and the Red Cross sisterhood, they demurred.

The general, in Marion's brief absence, had expressed his opinion of that official head, and the Brents and Vinton and his officers loudly begged Mrs. Brent to play chaperon and persuade Miss Ray and Miss Porter to accompany them in their fine white launch in a visit to the admiral on the flag ship, and said nothing about others of the order.

The idea of seeing Dewey on his own deck and being shown all over the Olympia! Why, it was glorious! But Miss Ray faltered her refusal, even against Miss Porter's imploring eyes. Then Stuyvesant declared he didn't feel up to it.

The general went off to the fleet and the Brents back to the shore without the girls. But in the course of the afternoon four more officers came to tender their services to "Billy Ray's daughter," and none, not even a hospital steward, came to do caught for the Red Cross, and by sundown Madie Ray had every assurance that the most popular girl at that moment in Manila army circles was the least popular aboard the Sacramento, and Kate Porter cried herself to sleep after an out-and-out squabble with two of the band, and the emphatic assertion that if she were Marion Ray she would cut them all dead and go live with her friends ashore.

But when the morning came, was it to be wondered at that Miss Ray had developed a high fever? Was it veritable that before noon,

from the official, read down, from Dr. Wells to Dottie Fellows, the most diminutive of the party, there lived not a woman in tender of services and in desire to be at the sufferer's bedside? Was it not manlike that Stuyvesant, who had shunned the sisterhood for days, now sought the very women he had scorned and begged for tidings of the girl he loved?

(To be continued.)

He Honored the President.

On hearing of the president's death last Saturday our citizens all showed sympathy, and our flag was hoisted at half-mast, draped in black. The court house and church bells tolled, but there is one of our citizens that deserves a special compliment for the respect and loyalty he showed our chief magistrate. His show-window contained McKinley's picture trimmed in black, and two American flags were placed in the window about the picture with a black sash around it. All the jewelry in the window were such as suited the occasion. This loyal citizen was none other than our neighbor, George C. Hasslinger.

Booze and Life Insurance.

It is now becoming generally recognized, says the Spectator, that the alcohol habit is one of the most important factors in determining length of life. No life insurance company will now knowingly accept the application of any one known as a hard drinker; and evidence is accumulating which says that even the moderate use of alcohol is prejudicial to health and long life.

In England a dozen or more life insurance companies recognize this fact by giving a reduction of premium to abstainers or allowing them a larger share in the profits. The Scottish Temperance Life Insurance company gives abstainers a reduction of 10 per cent in their premiums. The Modern Woodmen society in the United States bars absolutely from membership all persons engaged in the liquor business either as stockholders, proprietors, agents or servants. It also bars intemperate persons and if a member becomes intemperate after admission he may be expelled.—M. W. A.

TRAINED ANIMALS.

The Like of Which Was Never Seen Before.

There is but one really great trained animal exhibition in this country and that one is migratory in its character. Wherever you find the world-renowned Gentry Brothers' shows there you find all that is perfect in animal training and education. Besides being the peer of all others Gentry Brothers' shows there you find all that is perfect in animal training and education. Besides being the peer of all others Gentry Brothers' shows there you find all that is perfect in animal training and education.

Hurrah for Cape County.

At the log-rolling of the M. W. A. at Farmington last Friday the Cape band won the prize for the best band. The forester team of Jackson camp won the prize for the best drilled forester team, and the next log-rolling association goes to Cape Girardeau. About one hundred persons from Jackson attended the log-rolling.

Home-seekers' Excursion Rates.

The Cotton Belt advise additional home-seekers' excursions from Delta, Mo. to all points in Arkansas, except Little Rock and points on the Little Rock branch, between Altheima and Little Rock. To all points in Texas and Louisiana on the Cotton Belt, Kansas City Southern, Texas & Pacific (except New Orleans) and the H. & S. railroad, and to all points in Oklahoma and Indian Territories at the rate of one fare plus \$2 for the round trip. Dates of sale are, July 2 and 16, August 6 and 20, September 3 and 17, October 1 and 15, November 5 and 19, and December 3 and 17, 1901.

Tickets good to leave starting point on date of sale only, going transit limit to be 15 days, which time stop-overs will be permitted in home-seekers' territory. Return limit, 21 days from date of sale.

For further information call upon or address W. E. Gipson, Derry, Mo., or E. W. LABAUME, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

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Southeast Missouri News.

The public school did not begin at Marble Hill last week owing to some cases of diphtheria.

Luther Baggett, aged 18 years, shot and fatally wounded a Miss Mary Keith in a cornfield near Poplar Bluff. Baggett claims to have done the shooting at the suggestion of a Mrs. Rinda Giplin.

The contract for building the new science building to the Cape normal has been let to Ed. Regenhardt. This building is to be 113 feet long by 63 feet wide, two stories high with a 9 foot basement.

The second meeting of the A. O. U. W. association of southeast Missouri will meet at Bonne Terre October 26. An effort will be made to have an excursion run from Jackson to Bonne Terre on that day and return that night.

Will Spradling, while driving home last Thursday evening intoxicated to the limit, was thrown from his wagon and badly bruised up, but no bones broken were told by Dr. Henderson, who has charge of the case.—Benton Record.

A railroad fight is on in St. Francois county. The Mississippi River and Bonne Terre railroad company does not want the Missouri Southern railroad to cross their track. The sentiment of the people is with the Missouri Southern.

The republicans of Cape Girardeau county are talking of giving M. E. Leming their nomination for representative. If Cape county will persist in sending a republican to the legislature they couldn't send a better one than the aforesaid "Met."—Caruthersville Democrat.

The young wife of John Brose, who danced herself to death recently, and the wedding festivities were abruptly brought to an end. The young bride was buried within forty-eight hours after she was married, one robe serving for both occasions.—Doniphan Enterprise.

Frank James will be here again this fall. The fair association has again contracted with him to start the races at the fair, which is to be held for four days in October, beginning the 15th. The contract has already been closed and nothing short of an accident will prevent Col. James from coming.—Caruthersville Democrat.

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Owing to a hot box on the main line the excursion train did not leave Allenville till 12:30, hence they did not arrive at Farmington till about 4 o'clock. The same officers were reelected.

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WM. MCKINLEY DEAD.

Last Saturday morning the American flag all over this nation was flying at half-mast and the bells of our churches were tolling in token of the sad news of the death of President McKinley. Up till last Friday everything seemed favorable for his recovery, but on the night before his condition grew worse. This is the third time the people of our country have mourned the loss of a president at the hands of an assassin.

The statement of Leon Czolgosz made to the police, transcribed and signed by the prisoner is as follows:

"I was born in Detroit nearly twenty-nine years ago. My parents were Russian Poles. They came here forty-one years ago. I got my education in the public schools of Detroit, and then went to Cleveland where I got work. In Cleveland I read books on socialism and met a great many socialists. I was pretty well known as a socialist in the west. After being in Cleveland for several years I went to Chicago, where I remained seven months, after which I went to Newburg, on the outskirts of Cleveland, and went to work in the Newburg wire mills.

"During the last five years I have had as friends anarchists in Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and other western cities, and, I suppose, became more or less bitter. Yes, I know I was bitter. I never had much luck at anything, and this preyed upon me. It made me morose and envious, but what started the craze to kill was a lecture I heard some time ago by Emma Goldman. She was in Cleveland, and I and other anarchists went to hear her. She set me on fire.

"Her doctrine that all rulers should be exterminated was what set me to thinking so that my head nearly split with pain. Miss Goldman's words went right through me, and when I left the lecture I had made up my mind that I would do something heroic for the cause I loved.

"Eight days ago, while I was in Chicago, I read in a Chicago newspaper of President McKinley's visit to the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo. That day I bought a ticket to Buffalo and got there with the determination to do something, but I did not not know just what. I thought of shooting the president, but had not formed a plan.

"I went to live at 1088 Broadway, which is a saloon and hotel. John Nowak, a Pole, a sort of politician, who has led his people for years, owns it. I told Nowak that I came to see the fair. He knew nothing about what was setting me crazy. I went to the exposition grounds a couple of times a day.

"Not until Tuesday morning did the resolution to shoot the president take a hold of me. I could not have conquered it had my life been at stake. There were thousands of people in town on that day. I heard it was president's day. All those people seemed to be bowing to the great ruler. I made up my mind to kill that ruler. I bought a 32 caliber revolver and loaded it.

"On Tuesday night I went to the fair grounds and was near the railroad gate when the presidential party arrived. I tried to get near him but the police forced me back. They forced everybody back so the great ruler could pass. I was close to the president when he got into the grounds, but was afraid to attempt the assassination because there were so many men in the body guard that watched him. I was not afraid of them or that I would get hurt, but afraid I might be seized and that my chances would be gone forever.

"Well he went away that time and I went home. On Wednesday I went to the grounds and stood right near the president, right under him, near the stand from which he spoke.

"I thought half a dozen times of shooting while he was speaking, but I could not get close enough. I was afraid I might miss and then the great crowd was always jostling and I was afraid lest my aim fail. I waited Wednesday and the president got into his carriage and a lot of men were about him and formed a cordon that I could not get through. I was tossed about by the crowd and my spirits were getting pretty low. I was almost hopeless that night as I went home.

"Yesterday morning I went again to the grounds. Emma Goldman's speech was still burning me up. I waited near the central entrance for the president, who was to board his special train from the gate, but the police allowed nobody but the president's party to pass where the train waited. So I stood at the grounds all day waiting.

"During yesterday I first thought of hiding my pistol under my handkerchief. I was afraid if I had to draw it from my pocket I would be seen and seized by the guards. I got to the temple of music the first one and waited at the spot where the reception was to be held.

"Then came the president—the ruler—and I got in line and trembled and trembled until I got right up to him and then I shot him twice through my white handkerchief. I would have fired more, but I was stunned by a blow in the face—a frightful blow that knocked me down—and then everybody jumped on me. I thought I would be killed and was surprised at the way they treated me."

Cape Girardeau Association.

This association of Baptist churches met with the New Bethel church in the northeast part of this county on Wednesday, September 11. The churches composing the association are Allenville, Burfordville, Cape Girardeau, Derry, Gravel Hill, Hickory Ridge, Hubble Creek, Iona, Jackson, New Bethel, Oak Ridge in Cape and Lethum and Pleasant Grove in Perry county. All but Iona and Burfordville were represented by letter and messages.

The usual reports were made and were fully and well discussed. Elder T. A. Bowman represented state missions and the central Baptist. Elder H. J. LaTour, of Bonne Terre, represented home and foreign mission. Collections were made for several objects, and the debt on the district mission board provided for. Sermons were preached by Elder Paddock, of Cape Girardeau; Elder H. J. LaTour, of Bonne Terre; Elder T. H. Jenkins, of Oak Ridge, and others.

A beautiful recitation was given by Miss Bessie McCain, of New Bethel, during the discussion of the subject of Sunday schools. Eighty-two baptisms were reported in the church letters. The seventy-ninth session will be held in Derry on the Wednesday before the third Sunday in September. T. H. Jenkins was moderator and J. M. Wilson clerk. The Sunday school convention will meet in Cape Girardeau and the officers will be T. H. Jenkins president, Dr. Grisom clerk, and Alice Vinyard treasurer.

The people at New Bethel were fully prepared to entertain the association, and the delegates were loud in their praises of the treatment by the good people. L.

Geo. W. Lane Pewamo, Mich. writes "Your Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the best remedy for indigestion and stomach trouble that I ever used. For years I suffered from dyspepsia, at times compelling me to stay in bed and causing me untold agony. I am completely cured by Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. In recommending it to friends who suffer from indigestion I always offer to pay for it if it fails. Thus far I have never paid." All dealers.

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